

A favourite SONG

In the Opera of ELIZA

Sung by Miss BRENT.

MR fond Shepherds, of late, were so blest,
Their fair Nymphs were so happy and gay,
That each Night they went safely to Rest,
And they merrily sung thro' the Day.
But, ah! what a Scene must appear?
Must the sweet rural Pastimes be o'er?
Shall the ^{Tabor} no more strike the Ear?
Shall the Dance, on the Green, be no more?
Will the Flocks from their Pasture be led?
Must the Herds go wild, straying abroad?
Shall the Looms be all stopt in each Shed?
And the Ships be all moor'd in each Road?
Must the Arts be all scatter'd around?
And shall Commerce grow sick of her Tide?
Must ^{Religion} Religion expire on the Ground?
And shall Virtue sink down by her Side?